

[E. O. Skeidler]

[??] Tall Tales

Carlson/LM II Dup

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W, Lincoln, Nebr.

DATE December 2, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant E. O. Skeidler, 2710 Pear St. Lincoln
2. Date and time of interview Dec. 2, 9 to 11:30 a.m.
3. Place of Interview 2710 Pear St.
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

None

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Average C. 15 Neb.

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W, Lincoln.

DATE December 2, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

Library of Congress

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT O. E. Skiedler, 2710 Pear St.

1. Ancestry Dutch
2. Place and date of birth Atkinson, 1900
3. Family wife and two children.
4. Place and date of birth
5. Education, with dates
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates

Filling station operator, farmer.

7. Special skills and interests
8. Community and religious activities
9. Description of informant

Tall, grey eyes, lean.

10. Other points gained in interview

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited) Tall Tale

I heard these tall stories from a German pioneer settler in Atkinson, named Mike Guninge. He is now dead.

"I came from Germany [?] many years ago and settled in Atkinson and took up farming.

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In Nebraska in those days there wasn't very many good dogs, no dogs like we had in Germany like the Daschunds. So I sent back to Germany having one of my relatives ship me a Genuine German Daschund. Several weeks later I received word from the depot that my dog had arrived and I went down to get it.

I drove a wagon down to the depot and got my crate with the dog in it. I thought that I wouldn't uncrate it until I got home so I put the crate in back of the wagon.

As I started back to my farm it started raining. I was driving two fast horses so I whipped them and they started with the speed of lightning. They ran so fast that the rain did not catch me or get me or the horses wet. The rain as I looked back was a cloudburst.

I arrived at the farm, drove in the barn. I looked back in the wagon and the poor dog was drowned and the horses and me were not even wet."

The Buckskin Harness

"I went down to the general store and bought a new buckskin harness. I put it on my horses and thought I would go out in field and haul in a load of hay. I went out in the field and loaded my wagon with hay. Just as I started to return back to my barn it started to rain. It simply poured down!

I started up to get back and the new harness stretched and left me and the wagon there and the horses stretched the harness clear to the barn!

I walked back to the barn and the rain stopped and the sun came out very hot. My horses were standing by the barn with the new harness still stretched from them clear to the field.

As the sun beat down on the harness the harness warped and here came the wagon with the load of hay finally stopping just right where it belonged — behind the horses!"

“The Big Cyclone”

“I was out feeding my hogs one day when all of a sudden a cyclone came up and carried me and a hog a mile up in the air! There we was, way up in the clouds, the hog and me remaining stationary up there held up by the cyclone.

I had to think quick on how to get down safely to the earth so I grabbed the hog by the tail, and as we were on the edge of the cyclone I shoved the hog out of the cyclone and down we went for about 100 feet and then I pushed the hog back into the cyclone, I kept doing this until the hog and me were safely back on the ground again!”